

Game On (John: SNAP)

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Game On (John: SNAP)

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Summary

Jane Crocker had crossed his line and she *would*. **Pay.**
He was done with her.
He was done with everything.
Karkat had been stubbornly wanting him part of this nonsense war for so long, and Jane had hoped he would take her side-
He was going to be part of the war now. But he wouldn't be on her side.
He was going to end this shit.
He was the Heir of Motherfucking Breath and he once fucking drilled into a planet.
Game on Jane.
Game on.
"Jane, you've become the fucking Condesce and you know what happened to the last Condesce? She **died**."

I.e. just a 4k one shot of John snapping and going against Jane

Notes

I was so upset with the last update and was so upset for John, not only that but I had a building frustration against Candy HS2 Jane and I was prompted by people in my discord so...
Here it is.
John going against Jane and Jane facing her consequences. Rather violently.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

John Egbert liked to think of himself as a reasonable man.

A reasonable person.

It's not really consistent, he's very aware that the past few years of his life he'd been one mess of a man and that he'd been fucking up for a long time. The dysphoric feeling of reality had a hand on that but ultimately it was all on *him*. He was aware of that, painfully aware but pretended to not be *that* aware.

But as of recently, he thought he could get better. That he *was* getting better. A new start, he'd been willing to try and let go of a lot of things to uphold what he held and wanted to hold now. Reconciling with Roxy and attempting to get closer to his son had been the first step.

And then Vriska came back.

And Gamzee was dead.

And Yiffy, his previously unknown niece, was kidnapped.

What he'd wanted to let go had suddenly came back full force- finally *something was **happening***. Something was *going on* and he could *feel it!* Reality was getting back on track!

Though it involved a war he'd tried and mostly successfully stayed out of, for the sake of his family and for himself. Not to mention the thought of joining the war for some reason made him feel uncomfortable. But now? That uncomfortable feeling was *gone* and John was about to get back into business!

He thought it would be simple.

It wasn't.

Dave was gone. Jade and Rose had tension between them from their secret tryst behind Kanaya's back that led to Yiffy. (Really Rose? What the fuck?) Jane was now the enemy, Jake had been with Jane but was trying to separate from her, Dirk was dead and Roxy... Roxy was still an unforeseen force that John had no idea about.

John thought that, somehow, they could deal with it. That somehow, everything would end up okay- he wasn't as blindingly optimistic as Jake was but he was optimistic to an extent that he thought that they could just bounce back up. Save the day.

Reality slammed him hard as smoke contaminated the air, it dawned on him as explosions went off in the distance and the charred remains of his own house stared back at him, that he should have shed his optimism and naivety long ago.

Sitting down on the ground from his shock, John Egbert was no longer a teenager. He was no longer the bright-eyed, mischievous young boy who only wanted to play a game with his friends on his birthday.

John Egbert was a divorced man, a bad father and friend, who was holding on to his past because the present felt *too wrong* and *hard* for him to deal with.

His friends had changed, his family had changed, *he* had changed.

He thought everything could be reasonably dealt with somehow. And things would get better.

...

Rose, Jade, Kanaya and Karkat wanted him part of the war right? To fight on their side against Jane?

Long ago, he'd declined but promised to keep in touch. To help when he could even though his then wife, Roxy disapproved.

Now though?

Reasonable was off the table.

Jane had gone too far- No. She'd already gone too far for everyone else, but for John? She *just* crossed **his** line of far.

She destroyed his house.

His *home* - pictures of his father were- *had* been in there. Memories of a cherished past. His safe space. One of the last things he *had* before everything started...

Was it an accident? John didn't care. Was it a coincidence? John didn't care. Did she mean to do it? *John. Didn't. Care.*

Jane Crocker had crossed *his* line and she *would. Pay.*

He was done with her.

He was done with everything.

Karkat had been stubbornly wanting him part of this nonsense war for so long, and Jane had hoped he would take her side-

He was *going* to be part of the war now. But he wouldn't be on *her* side.

He was going to end this shit.

He was the *Heir* of Motherfucking *Breath* and he once fucking *drilled* into a *planet* .

Game on Jane.

Game on .

It came out of nowhere.

The winds which had been fairly calm suddenly lashed out violently, any vehicles that were in the air were suddenly forced out of the sky from the

sudden storm that formed unnaturally quickly. The sky thundered and rumbled in contrast to the calm yet smoke-filled breeze from before.

Some vehicles in the air were forced down to the ground rather roughly but in one piece, these vehicles had normal civilians and people in them, or had children or teenagers within and were set down at a steady pace.

But specific ones were handled in a much more different way. Crocker ships and vehicles were not treated the same, their engines were suddenly crushed in the air, their aerial voyage were sent crashing down to the ground with suspicious wisps of glowing blue winds.

“What on Earth is happening?!” Jane demanded as her ship struggled to stay steady, the floor underneath her trembling and forcing her to use the control panel to make sure she didn’t stumble in place.

“Ma’am! Ships are crashing to the ground! A storm formed out of nowhere and we’re in the center of it!” A worker, she couldn’t remember their name, cried out in dismay. Frantic and panicked as the various monitors were showing various feeds and information. “It came out of nowhere!”

“What?!” This didn’t make any sense, they were in the center of the storm, how were they still in one piece? And more importantly, why are her ships crashing?! They were more than equipped to handle a storm that- “Storm...” Jane muttered as realization kicked in. “It can’t be- John?!”

“John??” Jake echoed her, holding on to a railing rather tightly and looking very confused. The ghostly visage of his ex sitting beside him on the rail.

“I’ll admit,” Started Brain Ghost Dirk, “I wasn’t expecting this at all.”

Jane immediately ordered her men for view of her crashing ships, the main screen’s view was switched to a stationary drone on the ground somewhere and it was capable of showing them one ship that was forced out of the air by strings of bright blue. Unfortunately the crash was near the drone and the feed grew dark as the drone suffered from the nearby crash as well.

“No- no no *no!* ” Jane slammed a frustrated fist on the control panel, “Why on Earth is he attacking *now* ?! Roxy told me he was neutral in this mess!” And had Jane known how much damage John was *truly* worth then she would have done something about it earlier! No matter how drastic that something was.

“Oh my...” Jake had thought John was neutral as well- he hadn’t joined any side after all, declining both Jane and Karkat’s offers. But it looks like John changed his mind for whatever reason. And he changed his mind rather *violently* as the feed replayed the crash.

Brain Ghost Dirk snorted, “See? Even Egbert is tired of Jane’s bullshit. But again, I wasn’t expecting *this* from him.” No one did. Not really. “I guess espionage is out of the window.”

“What the bloody hell are you talking about Dirk?” Jake hissed quietly to him as Jane frantically tried to give out orders, trying to reconnect to the crashing ships- christ almighty, had anyone even *survived* those crashes? Did John even know the extent of his destruction? The amount of lives that were being snuffed out in his attacks?

But then again, did Jane? She had started bombing neighborhoods after all, did she truly know what she was doing? There were innocent people living there!

“It’s time to go Jake. We don’t have to do shit here by Jane’s side.” Brain Ghost Dirk pointed out to him, “John’s joining the board and it’s clear he’s raising hell. If we stay by her, he’s going to be pissed at you too. Maybe, but I don’t want to risk you getting hurt just by staying with her.”

“You were the one who insisted to go to her in the first place!”

“Yeah because I thought we could actually do something here, I didn’t think John would end up doing this. Now come on, go. She’s distracted and it’s time for a reunion, don’t you want to see Tavros? Make sure he’s okay?” Jake hesitated, remembering with clarity on how scared Tavros had looked with Kanaya. Now he was sure that Kanaya wouldn’t do that to a child but...

His wife or his son?

...

“Jake, I need you to-” Jane started, turning to look at her husband only to find him gone. “Jake? *Jake?!* ” Jake wasn’t in the room, and Jane switched the video feed of her own ship’s cameras just in time to see Jake fly out of the ship and into the storm.

“Where are you going you dumb buffoon?!” Was Jake *abandoning* her?!

The rage and hidden fear she felt for her husband to leave her *now* of all times was swept away as her ship *staggered* in the air. Shaking in place and forcing everyone on board to hang on for dear life.

“Ma’am, we- we can’t move!” Someone exclaimed, “We’re stuck in the air!”

Jane’s main ship had been halted mid-air, a band of bright blue surrounding the red ship and from Jane’s readings, the storm had only grown more violently.

“Ma’am, what do we do?!”

Jane gritted her teeth, mind whirling with fast thoughts on what to do- her ship was stuck in the air, in the hold of John who’d single handedly stopped her entire aerial armada. Her men couldn’t go against John, he was a god and they were normal humans, armed to the teeth sure but John was showing off power Jane hadn’t seen in a very long time.

Had John even been this powerful during the final fight all those years ago? Heavens, Jane couldn’t remember.

The only time Jane could remember John using his powers in *any* way *like* this was during that time he tried to kidnap her son. And even then, it wasn’t *anything* like the storm of power he was bringing now.

“Can we break out of this hold by firing the thrusters to full capacity?!” Jane questioned, trying to gather herself- she had no time for this! She had a

war to finish and a society to uphold!

“We could try Ma’am but doing so would deplete our energy supply significantly! And even so, we’d be heading straight out of the center and into the storm itself!”

A bad idea then. Just looking at the cyclone around them, they’d be torn to shreds. Even Jane was hesitating as she wasn’t even sure if she could survive the windswept fury that kept them trapped in the air.

But surely she could? She was the *Maid of Life*!

She was *Made of Life*!

“Do it!”

If anyone died, she could revive them in due time- that was what she was planning for those who died in the bombings anyway- those who deserved to revive. She would have to make sure they were loyal to her and not part of the opposite side.

“A-Are you su-” “ *Just do it!* ” She snapped, gripping the edge of the panel and glaring at the screen.

“Aye Ma’am!”

Jane almost stumbled as the ship’s thrusters and engines were set to full capacity, struggling out of the tight hold that John’s Breath powers had on it. It shook and trembled greatly, metal groaned underneath the strain as the blue restrains did. *Not. Budge.*

BANG!

“The engines are down ma’am! Our thrusters a-are offline!”

The ship stopped in its entirety and Jane watched with disbelief as the lights and screens shut down. “No.” Her ship was down. “No-” Her armada and men were out of her reach. “ *NO!* ” Her husband and son gone from her side.

“ N- ”

BANG!!!

The side of the room exploded.

Or to be more accurate, the side of the room was *torn apart* .

Turbulent wind invaded her control room, the screams of her men and women filled the air as the loud and violent gust swept through. People fell out of their chairs, a few that were unlucky fell out of the newly made hole and fell from the ship itself.

Jane herself had fallen on her ass, startled from the interruption that came out of nowhere. With disbelief in her eyes, she saw the source of her current troubles.

John Egbert in all his glory, floating right outside of her ship, dressed in clothes that were a few sizes too small for him. But it didn't affect the fury that surrounded him by the least. His windsock lashed behind him as he stared Jane down with glowing, angry blue eyes and his mouth set into a snarl that actually terrified Jane to her core.

In that moment, John Egbert was fury incarnate. A hurricane in human form. And by the fuck was he *pissed* .

“Jane.” Was all John said as he entered the room, staying in the air and not even bothering to touch down to the floor of her ship.

Jane forced herself on her legs, her fear disappeared as she registered the fact that *John* was the reason she was having so much trouble right now. “John.” She replied coldly, glaring at him. Blue clashed with blue as she was forced to look up at him. “What do you think you’re doing?!”

“What do I think *I’m* doing?” John repeated, narrowing his eyes at her. “What the fuck do you think *you’re* doing?!” He exclaimed, fists clenched and shaking as he stared his ecto-mother down with enraged eyes. “You’re

bombing the fucking neighborhood! Do you fucking know what you're doing?!"

"Of course I am!" She snapped, standing her ground. She *would not* get intimidated, not by John! "The war has truly begun John, and I am simply making my move!"

"By *bombing* an innocent neighborhood?! And even more, *Roxy and my neighborhood*?! Harry was fucking there, *children and innocent people are fucking there!* "

Jane faltered ever so slightly, had she really- No, she could not be hesitant. It was a mistake, and Roxy and Harry were fine. And even then, she could revive them. "And?" She questioned, raising an eye at him. Stand your ground Crocker, stand your-

POW!!

Jane was sent flying back from John, John's fist clenched in the air where she had once stood. John had punched her.

John had *punched* her.

Colliding with the wall behind her, she groaned in pain from her back and her cheek- especially her cheek. To the side, her people gasped and some even tried to go to her side- Jane was shocked to find them sent into the air as John hovered above her. The screams of her people as they were sent out the hole echoed in her ears as fear once again settled in her as John's cold and furious gaze was focused entirely on her.

"John what have you done?!" Those were *her people* and John had sent them flying into his cyclone! They wouldn't survive!

A chill ran down her sore and bruised back as John let out a cold, hard laugh. "What have *I* done? Oh, if *I* send people to their deaths, *I'm* the bad guy here." He mocked as he finally landed before her, standing over her and trapping her against the wall. "What about you Jane? What the fuck does that make you when you've bombed neighborhoods, killed people in secret,

taken over the fucking government in the shadows- *badly* since it's not even a goddamn secret! What have *you* done Jane? Let's recount."

John grabbed the front of her blouse, lifting her in the air and *slammed* her against the wall. "You've set up xenophobic laws, again taken over the fucking government and almost everything else with authority, you've *abused* your husband *and* son, shackled up with fucking *Gamzee* of all people, kidnapped my *niece- your granddaughter* and fucking *bombed the neighborhood.*" He leaned in, snarling.

" *You destroyed my **home** . You've put my son in danger, your own son in danger. Jane, you've become the fucking Condesce and you know what happened to the last Condesce?"*

Jane gripped the hand that was holding her against the wall, the air suddenly heavy- no, suddenly *thin* and *dangerous* to the point she was having trouble *breathing* -

" *She **died** .*"

"Egbert's gone fucking crazy!" Karkat exclaimed to his council as they gathered, safely hidden underground. "There's storms all over the fucking planet, ships are being forced out of the goddamn air and we have no idea where the fuck he is!"

His council, or really his main inner circle at this point, consisted of Rose, Kanaya, Jade, Vrissy, Yiffy, Vriska, Meenah and a few others that weren't part of the inner circle but had retreated with them to safety from the ongoing cyclone that was happening above ground. Roxy, Harry, Jake and Tavros.

Vrissy and Vriska had been ambushed, willingly so on Vriska's part, and now Vrissy was grounded for following after her. Halfway through the fight with Vriska protecting her descendent, the storms started and she was forced to retreat with everyone else. Much to her disgruntlement, but even she had to admit, flying in the storm was a bad fucking idea.

Roxy had come home, panicked by the bombings and finally coming to terms with the fact that Jane had *gone off the deep end*, got Harry and together they joined Rose and the others for safety.

Jake had contacted Rose, pleading to reunite with his son. It was a tearful reunion, with mostly Jake crying. Kanaya apologized to Jake and reassured him that she wasn't going to actually hurt Tavros who backed her up.

"I can't believe John's doing all this." Roxy admitted, watching with a grimace as the wind violently tore through a Crockercorp ship on the screen. The feed went black before starting again. "He seems really pissed."

"That's an understatement." Meenah scoffed, watching the video as well, "Blue boy's off the fucking handle here. But hey, he's doing us a favor."

"Favor?! People are *dying* out there! Even if they're Crocker's people, there's still people stuck in the storm and shit! John's not helping *anyone* by being this destructive!" Karkat argued back, "It's like he doesn't fucking care what happens, he's just destroying everything!"

"Not everything." Rose interrupted, pointing out to a video on another screen, "Despite how it seems, John isn't like that. Look." On the screen, a car descended from the sky, despite the violent air around it, it landed rather steadily on the ground and the family scrambling to get out didn't seem to be that affected by the wind as they sought out for shelter. "John is too kind to be totally destructive. However I will agree that this, by far, is too much even for him." There would be casualties despite everything after all, John still forced the Crocker ships to crash. No doubt someone had died from the impact.

"Dad can't be doing this." Harry spoke up, watching the videos with disbelief, "He's *dad* he- sure he can fly but-" He was having a hard time believing his jokester father was capable of *this*. Just earlier, he'd been trying to show Harry his dumb plan!

Vriska snorted, "Oh please! Your dad is the *Heir of Breath* kid, he's capable of *more* than this. He fucking drilled into Skaia- does no one remember that fucking event? I do! He's a dork but he's a damned powerhouse. Anyway

it's about time John got off his ass and did something! And it's nice to see that compared to *others* - he's not rusty at all in his powers." She said smugly, though she was hiding the slight apprehension she had. Something bad must have happened to John to set him off like *this* .

Jade winced, "I had forgotten about that." She admitted, and she wasn't the only one. "But still! John would never do this!"

"And yet he is." Kanaya countered, keeping a firm eye on the feeds. Rose gave her a complicated look while Jade wilted a bit, they would talk about Yiffy and more later. More pressing matters were at hand. And speaking of Yiffy, she had finally taken off that damned shock collar that Jane had forced on her.

Any doubt in Roxy's head about Jane was gone once she found out that her best friend- *ex-best friend* had forced a *shock collar* on a *teen* who was essentially ***her granddaughter*** and Roxy's *niece/granddaughter* and actually *used it*. All she could feel now, was misery at the fact that the Jane she once knew and befriended was gone. That and the shock that Rose and Jade had a kid, and named her *Yiffy* of all things. Still, at least she had a new family member?

They wondered what to do next. John was on a rampage, and they for the most part, were stuck underground.

"John Egbert is outside!" A troll, Swifer, shouted as they barged in. Startling everyone in the room.

" ***What?!*** " They all chorused before rushing out of the room and towards the entrance of the underground bunker they were all in.

It didn't take long, but true to Swifer's words. John Egbert was outside, incoming from above.

He was hurt, bruised and bloodied. His teenage-sized god tier clothing were torn and stained with blood. His face was set in stone, glasses shining and hiding his eyes. And if that wasn't eye-catching enough, it was the body he held carried in one hand.

Jane Crocker hung limp in his hold, just as bruised and bloodied, *if not more so than John.*

“ *JOHN/JANE!!* ” It wasn’t clear on who shouted what. But they clamored as John actually *threw* Jane’s body at them.

Despite everything, it was Roxy who caught her body, preventing her crash as she cradled her ex-best friend in her arms with a look of horror and disbelief. Her ex-husband had *killed her ex-bestfrie-*

“She’s not dead.” John said aloud, interrupting Roxy who had unknowingly spoke out her thoughts. His eyes still hidden by the shine of his glasses. “She’s unconscious. With a lot of broken bones... You should probably put her somewhere, in jail with proper things to hold her down.”

“You... didn’t kill her?” Karkat questioned him, glancing between the limp, unconscious Jane and the flying victorious John.

John grimaced, “No. I... I wanted to at first. She’s done a fucking lot of bad, and she probably has a Just death up her way if she does die but... She needs to face her consequences. And she’s family despite all of this bullshit.” He told him, he stayed in the air. “Pester me if she’s awake and causing trouble. I’ll set her straight if she tries anything.”

“You’re not staying?” Rose asked, hesitant and quiet.

The Heir shook his head, “No. I still have a lot of shit to do- I’m going to destroy her companies. Anything she left behind, her weapons, her money- all of it. And after that... I don’t know. But for now, I have to go. Again, pester me if she tries anything. I’ll come back only for that.”

“You’re just leaving?!/You’re going just like that?!” Harry and Vriska exclaimed as John turned around.

“Yes.” That was all John said before he flew off into the distance, away from the others.

Those who could fly tried to follow after him, but the violent storm that had previously receded suddenly continued. Making it clear that John didn't want to be followed.

John left behind everyone he cared about to focus on something more important. To him at least. But he felt tired, so very tired. Maybe after he ended Jane's tyranny, he'd go take a nap somewhere. Where? Who the fuck knows. His house was gone. He probably killed a few people despite him trying not to, the people he sent flying from Jane's ship had landed on the ground safely unknown to Jane.

Jane had a Just Death if she ever died, John was sure of it. And from everything that happened, John wasn't too sure if he'd have a Heroic or Just if he died too.

Either way, the war was over.

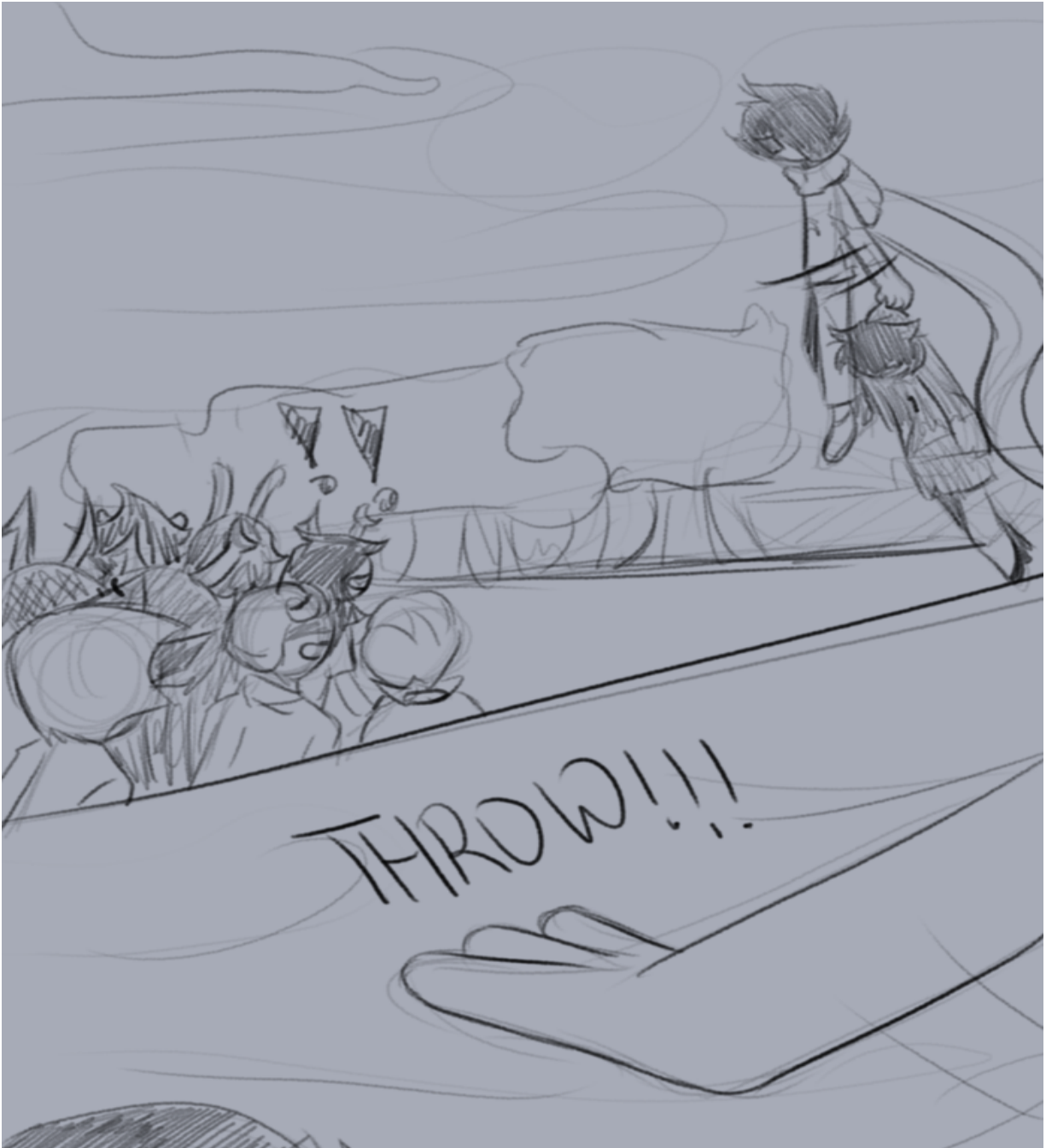
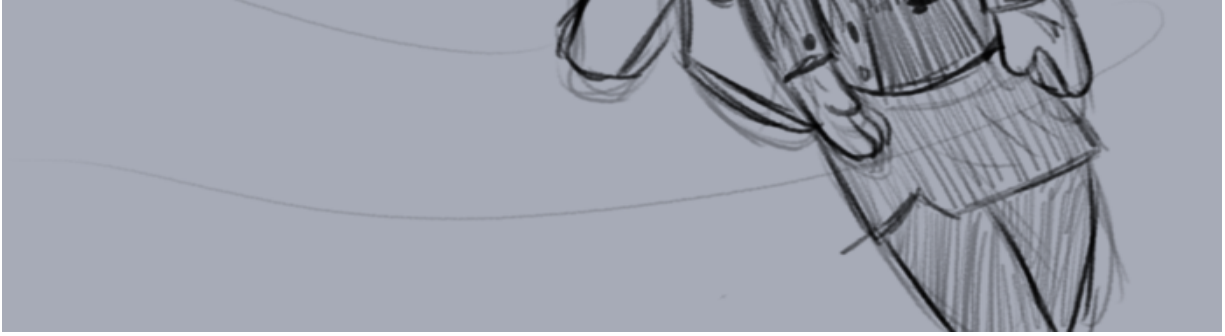
And John would make sure it would stay over.

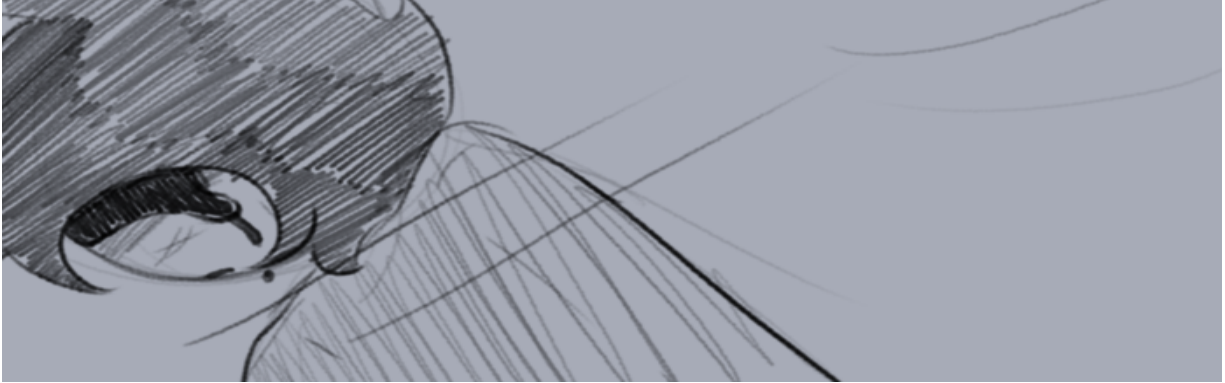
Chapter 2

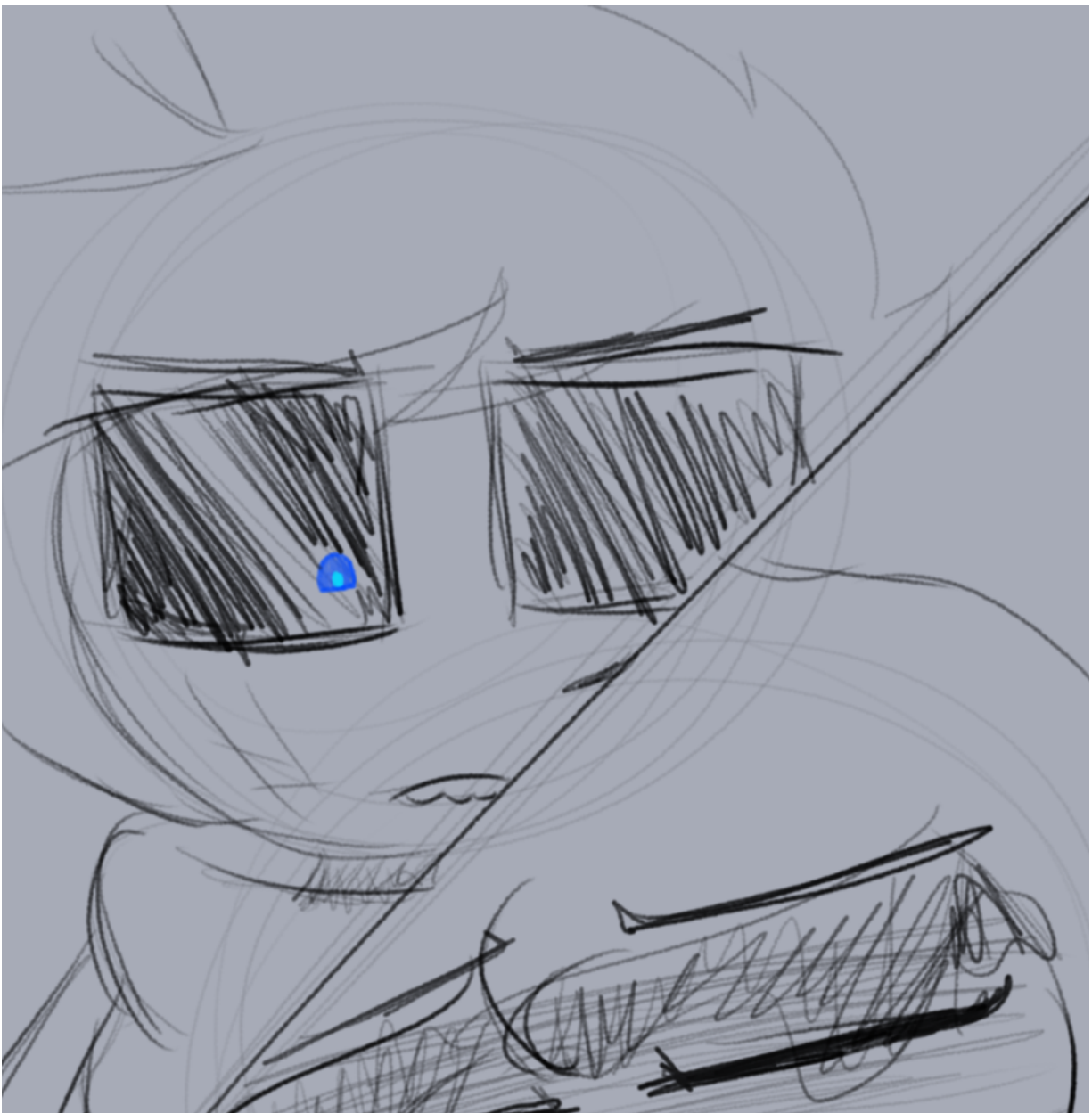
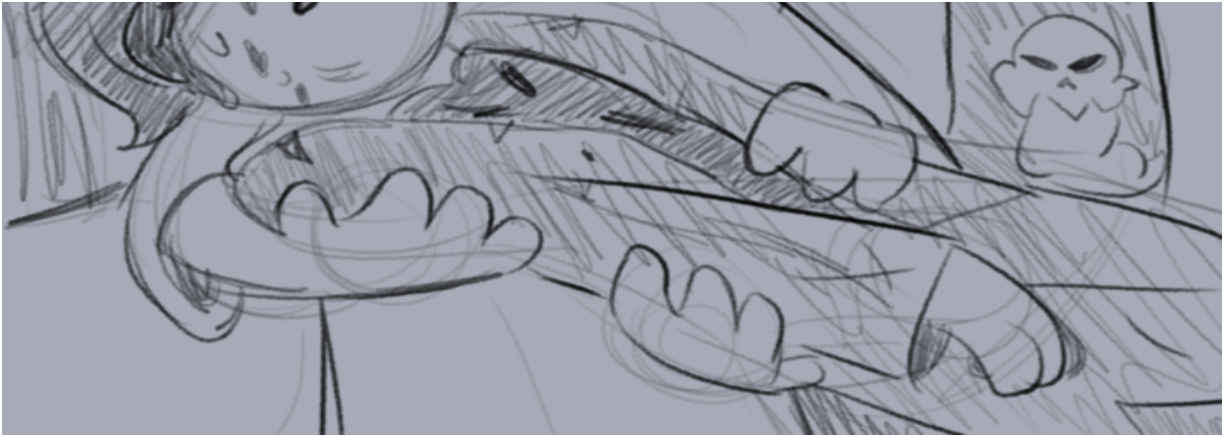
Chapter Summary

have a sketched out scene











End Notes

Hope you enjoyed.

This was rather therapeutic for me.

In all seriousness I really hope John gets better, that he confronts Jane, that Jane faces her consequences and maybe, for her to get better because really.

I did not expect this for Homestuck 2 at all and I am upset with what happened.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!